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TOP CAT
NO. 11
JUNE
CDC
ONLY
20¢

TOP CAT



00749

RAY
DIRGO

TOP ^{in:} CAT A BIG FISH STORY

GOSH, TOP CAT, IF WE ONLY HAD A ROD AND REEL.

SPOOK, ALL WE NEED IS SOME STRING, A POLE AND SOME LUCK!



SHALL I PUT A PIECE OF BAIT ON THE HOOK, **TC**?

NO...



TIE THE **WHOLE** CAN ON. WE'RE AFTER A **BIG FISH!**



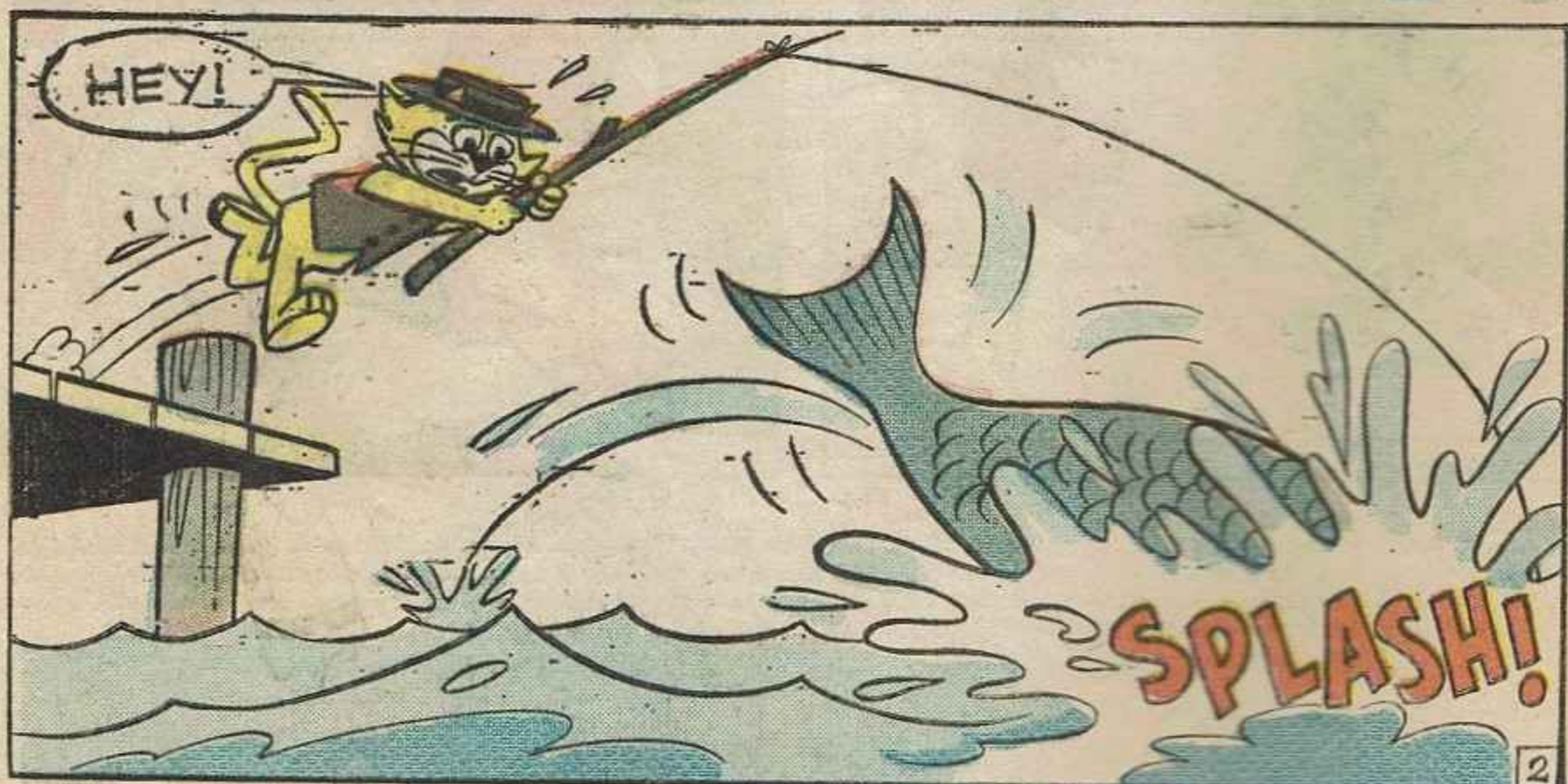
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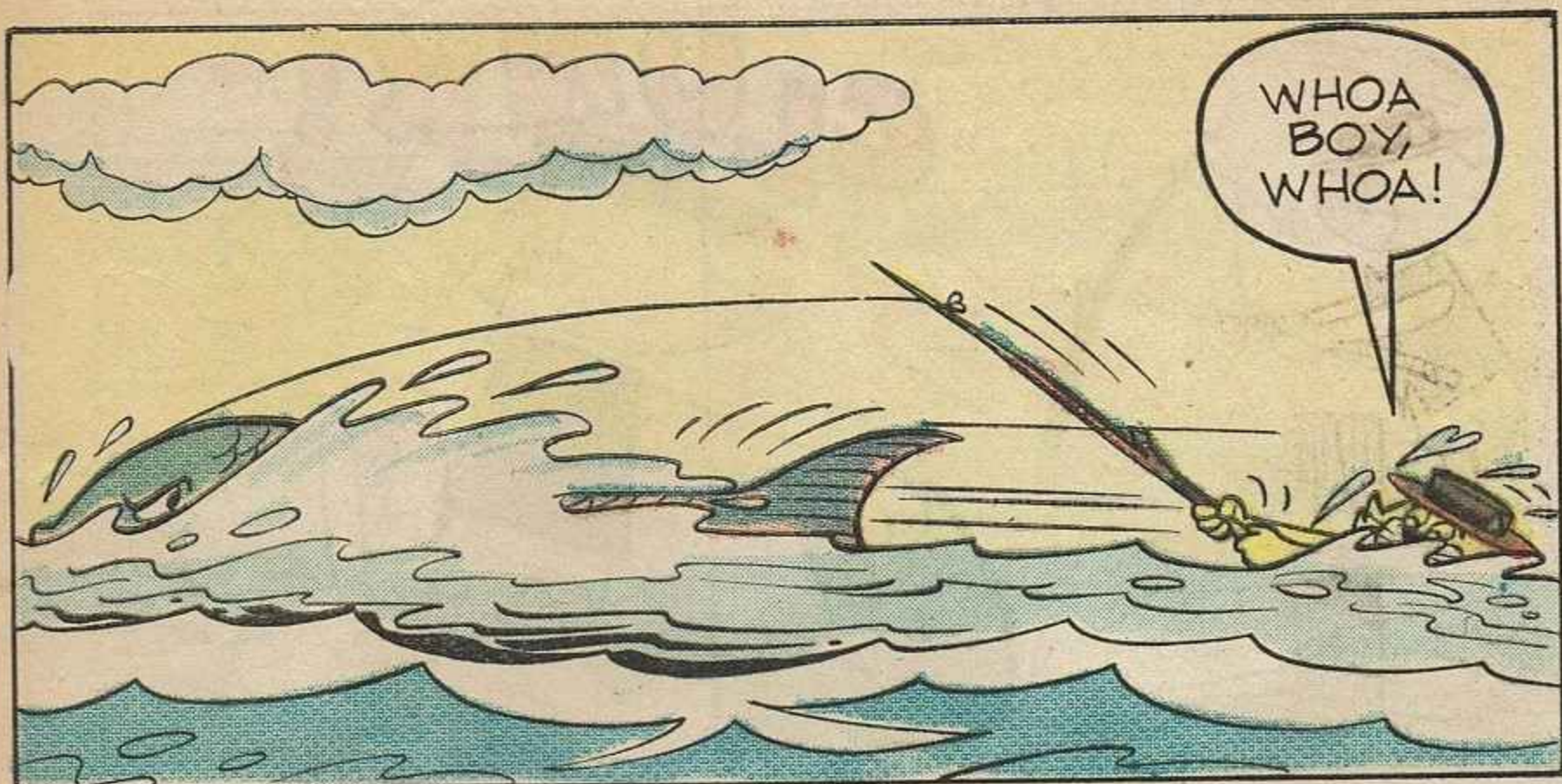
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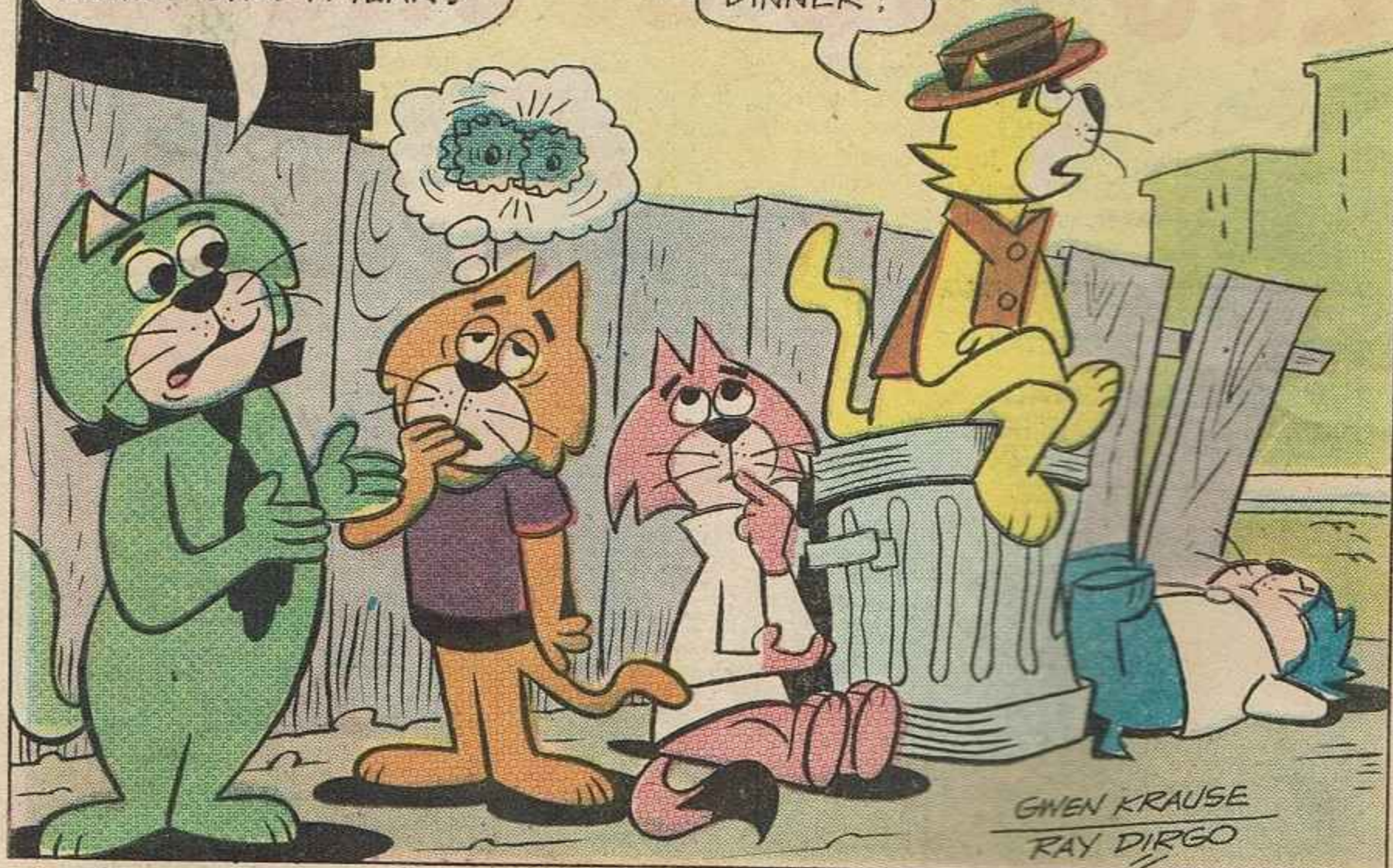




TOP CAT in *A Fancy Birthday!*

COME ON, BRAIN, DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS? AFTER ALL, FANCY'S BIRTHDAY ONLY COMES ONCE A YEAR!

MAYBE WE COULD WRANGLE A FEW BUCKS SOMEWHERE AND TAKE HIM OUT TO DINNER!



BOYS, I'VE GOT IT! FANCY IS CRAZY ABOUT TUNA FISH! LET'S SCARE UP SOME POLES AND CATCH A NICE BIG ONE FOR HIM!

BRAIN, YOU DO HAVE SOME BRAINS AFTER ALL!



THIEF, THIEF, HELP, POLICE!



AND WHERE ARE YOU FELLOWS OFF TO IN SUCH A HURRY? WHAT'S THAT MOP ON THE END OF YOUR POLE? IS THAT ALL YOU CAN CATCH THESE DAYS?

TODAY IS FANCY'S BIRTHDAY, OFFICER DIBBLE! WE ARE GOING TO CATCH A NICE BIG, PLUMP TUNA FOR HIM AND WE...UH...ER...THOUGHT WE COULD CLEAN OUR POLES WITH THE MOP FIRST..YEAH, THAT'S IT.. 'BYE!



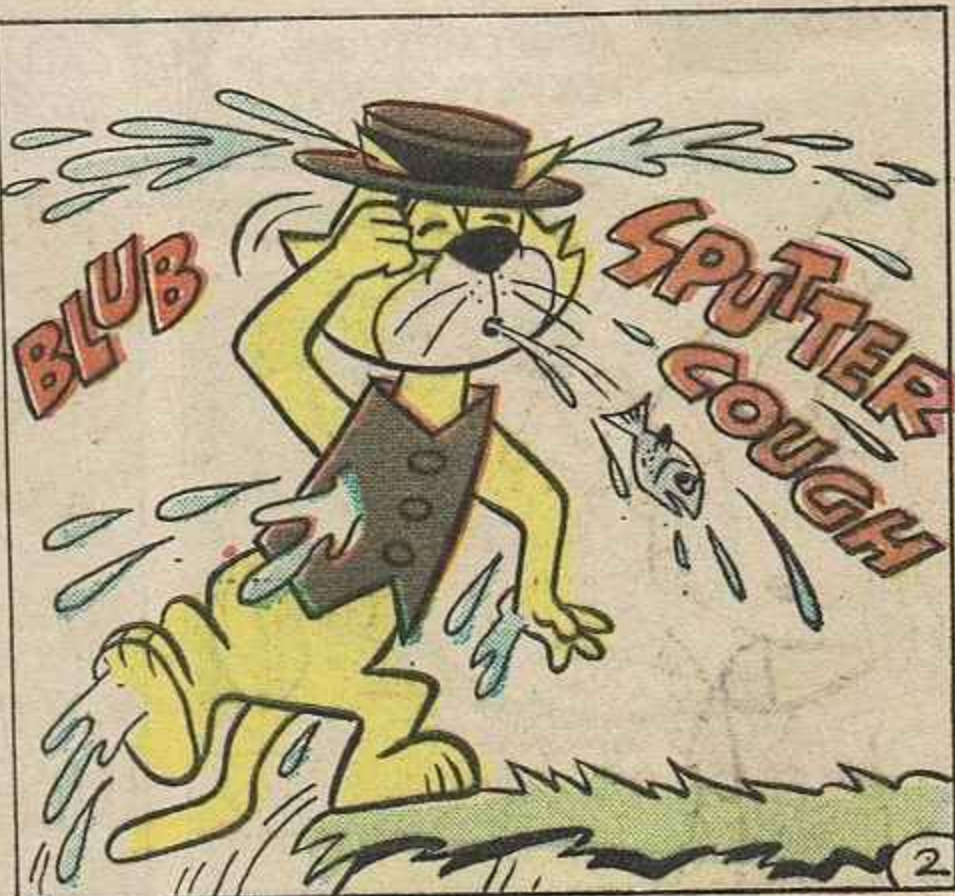
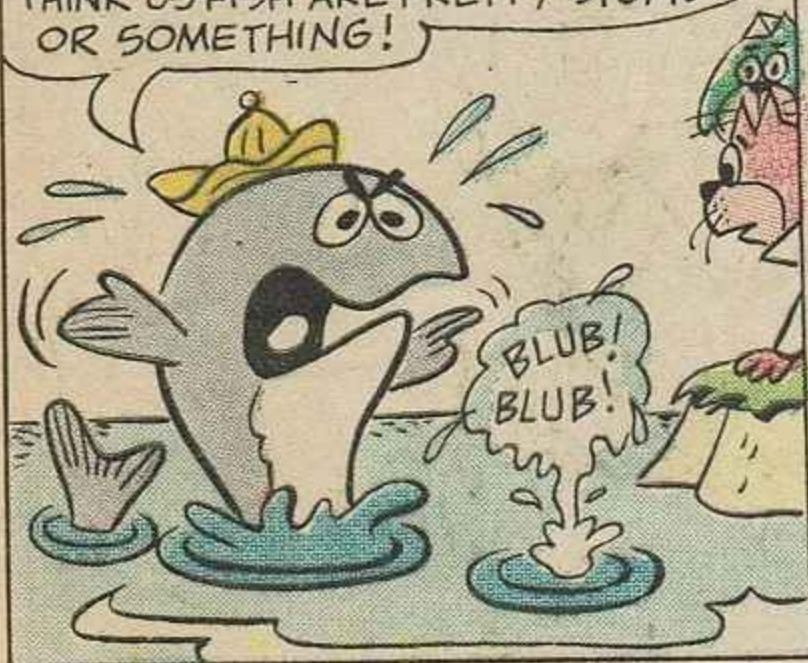
GEE, THIS ONE MUST WEIGH A TON!

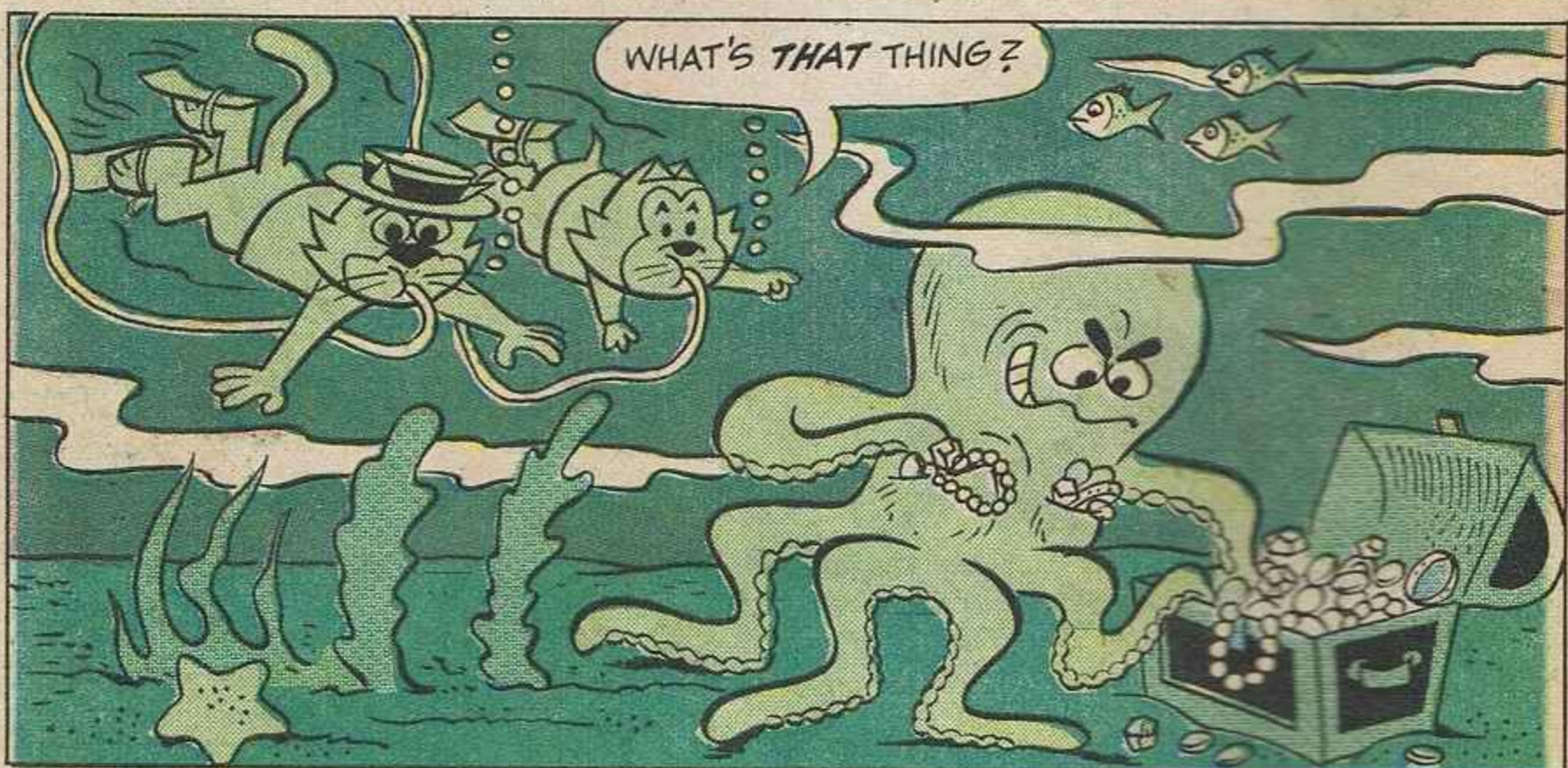
FANCY WILL HAVE THE BEST BIRTHDAY OF HIS LIFE!

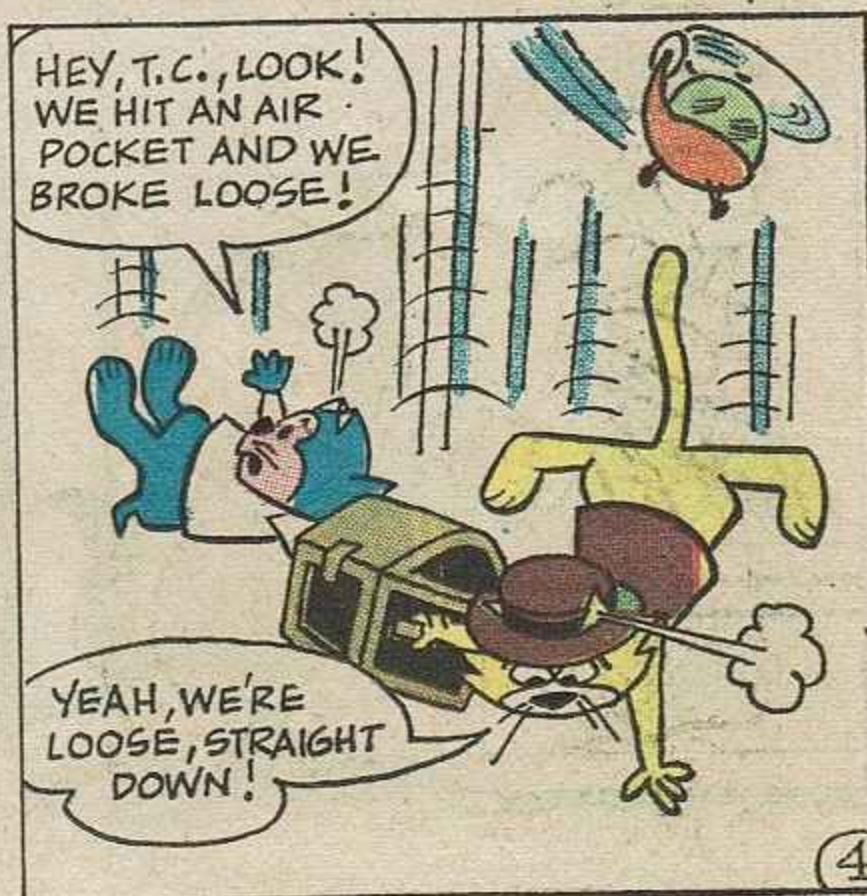
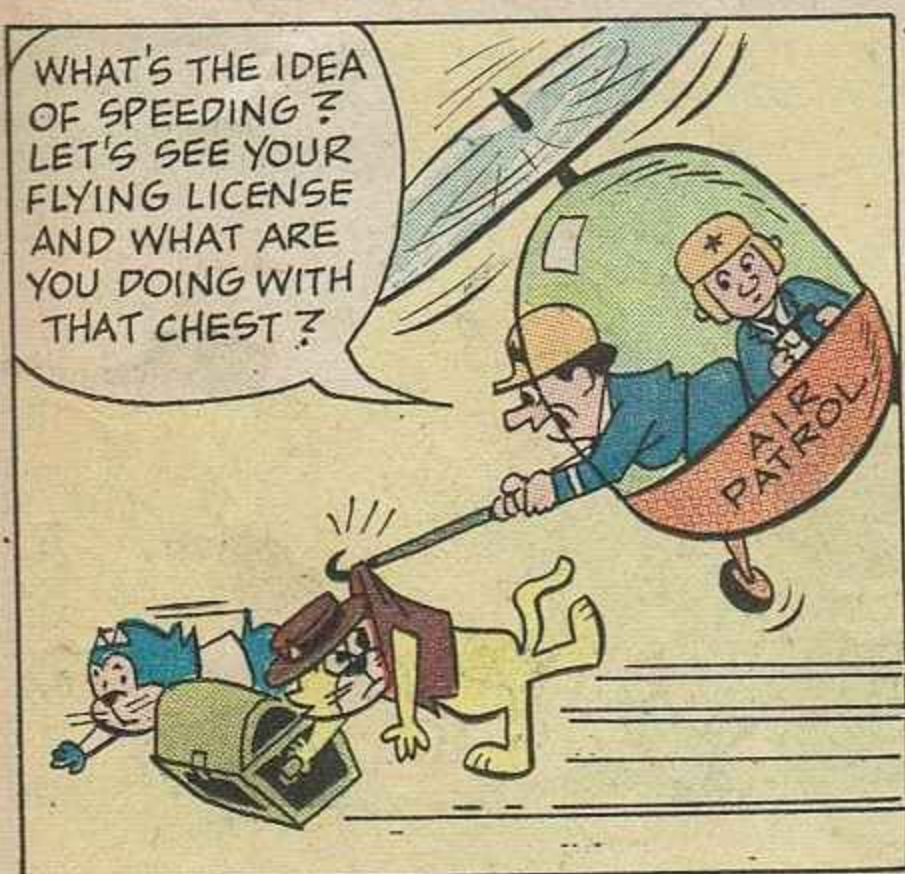
SURE WISH I HAD A BIRTHDAY COMING SOON!

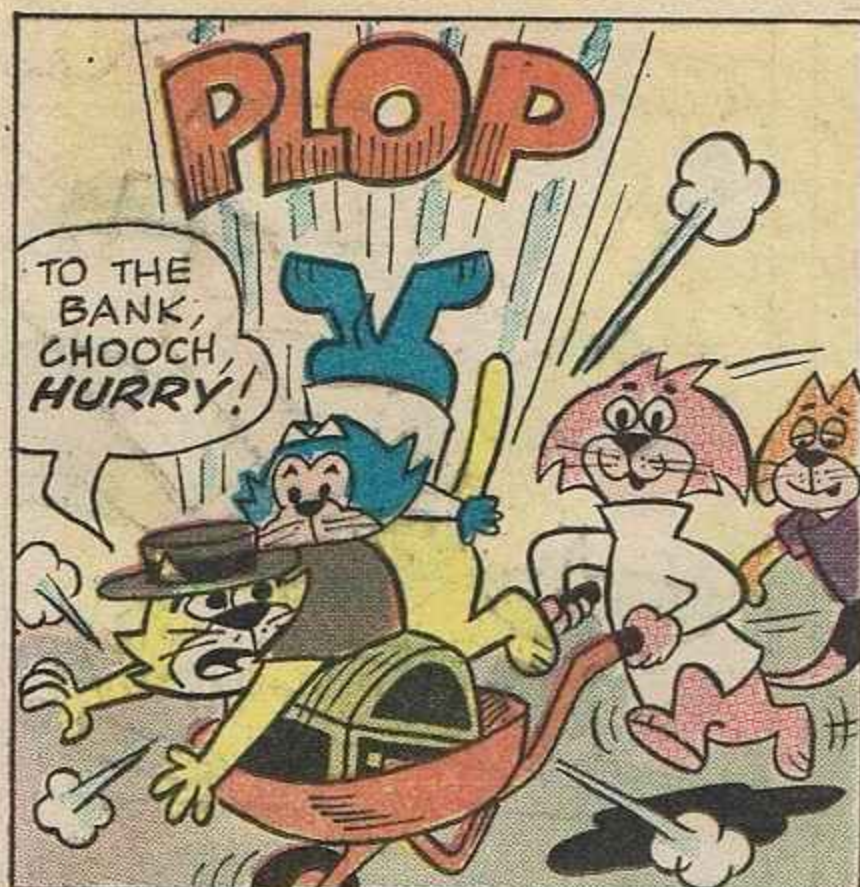


HEY, YOU WISE GUYS, MY NAME'S TOLLY TUNA AND THE NEXT ONE THAT PUTS A HOOK INTO THIS WATER WILL GET THE SAME TREATMENT! YOU MUST THINK US FISH ARE PRETTY STUPID OR SOMETHING!









HALF CRAZY

The new magistrate for the village of Dionasa was ready to hear his first case. He looked at the schedule sheet on his desk. Standing before him was a youth.

"Your name is Juan Moldistes," he began. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"This I do not understand what you mean," replied the youth. "I know that my name is Juan Moldistes because everyone in the village calls me by that name. If I had another name, they would call me by that name. So if I were somebody else then I would not be here. But since I am Juan Moldistes, then I am here."

The new magistrate had an uneasy feeling. That for the first time in his judicial career he might come up against a situation that he could not handle.

"We both know that you are Juan Moldistes," he continued. "I know it and you know it. We accept it as a fact that people do not call you by anything else."

"Your Honor," said the youth, "People often call me by something else. What they call me by is not my name. They say that I am Half-Crazy. I am the only person in the village that they call Half-Crazy. I am not smart. But this much I do know. I am the only person in the village that people call by the name of Juan Moldistes."

And then he added, "I admit they often yell at me, Half-Crazy. So it seems to me that Juan Moldistes is Half-Crazy. Or the other way around. Half Crazy is Juan Moldistes."

The new magistrate was feeling more uncomfortable. He hadn't even as yet come to the charges against the youth. He took another glance at the paper on his desk.

"The charge is that you stole three handfuls of grain seed from the garden of Miguel Perone. I am certain that you do realize the seriousness of this charge."

"To steal is terrible," replied the youth in almost a sobbing tone of voice. "A person who steals is a thief and I am not a thief."

"Then just what are you?" demanded the magistrate in an angry tone of voice.

"I am Juan Moldistes. That is my name. I am also Half-Crazy. That is what people sometimes call me. If I am two people, each with a different name, then the two of us are before you. If I am one person called two names, then I myself alone am here. I do not care what I am

except that I am not a thief."

At this rate the magistrate knew the case would take all day. He felt baffled. What was this youth doing to him?

"If you did not steal the seed grain, then what was it that you did?" asked the jurist in a loud tone of voice.

"I was walking through the field of Miguel Perone," explained the youth. "This is the first time I have ever heard it called a garden. A lot of people walk through his field. It is a short cut from the wagon road to the lake. I wanted to go to the lake. So I walked through his field. His field is between the lake and the road if you go north. But if you go the other way then his field is between the lake and the road. If there were no field, then the road would be next to the lake. Would be better for all."

"Stop that," exploded the magistrate. "Tell me what you call taking the grain seed. And I know you put it all in your father's field."

"Maybe you could say I was borrowing it," said the youth. "Maybe you could say that since it was in an old box, I figured he was throwing it away. And anyway, he owes me for three days work which he did not pay me. But I am honest. Call Señora Mendoza. She lost her ring and I found it. She say I was an honest boy."

The new magistrate let his chin sink down. He knew he was beaten. With all his years of study this country boy had beaten him. But he sensed that the youth was clever. With education he could make his mark in the world. There must be a way of getting out of the unpleasant situation.

"Since Miguel Perone is not present in court to press charges against you, I will dismiss the case. But something I want to know. Would you take three handfuls of grain seed from your father's field and put them into the field of Miguel Perone?"

"Oh, no," smiled the youth. "They call me Half-Crazy, but if I did that they would call me completely crazy."

Note: The magistrate did help the youth to get an education. Within 20 years he would become Dr. Juan Moldistes one of the leading brain surgeons of the country. Also, this is a translation and adaptation of an old Spanish story.

TOP CAT *is* A REAL HOT POLITICIAN

WELL, WELL, JUST THE PERSON I'M LOOKIN' FOR! HI YA, TOP CAT, OL' BOY, YA NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD! HAVE A CIGAR!

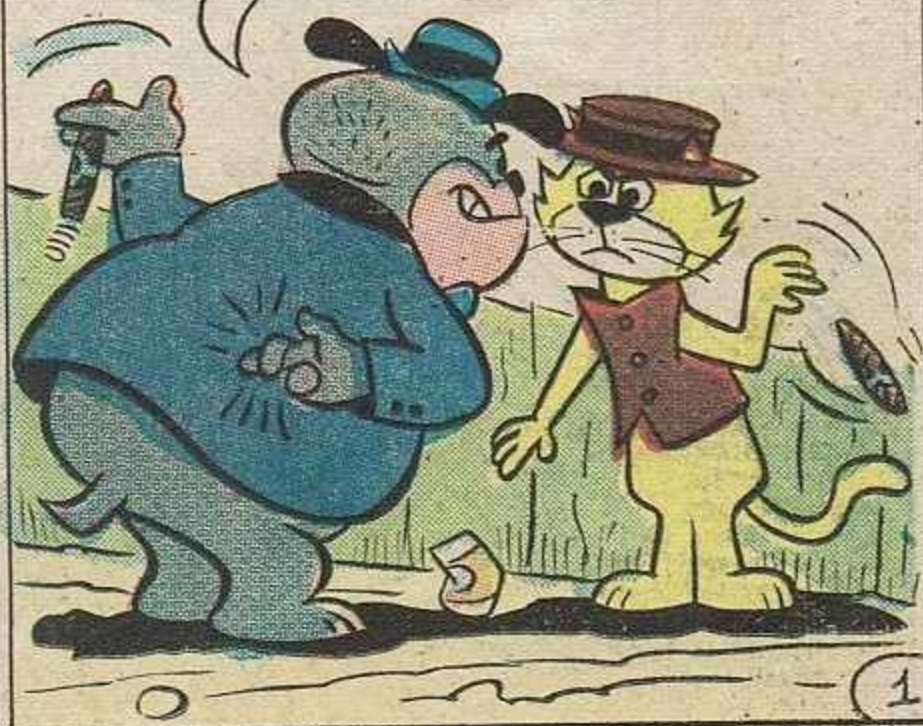


GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

OK, BULL, WHAT'S A POLITICIAN LIKE YOU WANT FROM US CATS? ...NOTHING GOOD, I KNOW!



NOW, NOW, MY FAIR CONSTITUENT, I NEED YOUR NOBLE HELP AND THIS TIME I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!





SOMETHING **SMELLS** HERE, T.C., I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT I'LL TELL YOU IN DUE TIME!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRAIN, SOMETHING DOES SMELL!



FIRST WE'LL INVITE OUR NOBLE POLITICIAN TO A **CAT COOK OUT!**

?



WE'LL SERVE HIM **HOT DOGS** AND WE'LL MAKE THEM **REAL HOT** WITH SPIKED UP **CATSUP!**

BRAIN, YOUR BRAIN IS REALLY WORKING TODAY!



A LITTLE LATER

YEEHAWWW



HERE'S HOW I FIGURED IT OUT, T.C., TAKE THE FIRST LETTER IN EACH WORD, **CITIZENS ASSOCIATED TO STAMP OUT URBAN TRASH...** IT SPELLS **CATSOUT!**

HE WAS TRYING TO GET RID OF US, BUT **NO DOG** WILL EVER OUTSMART US **CATS!**



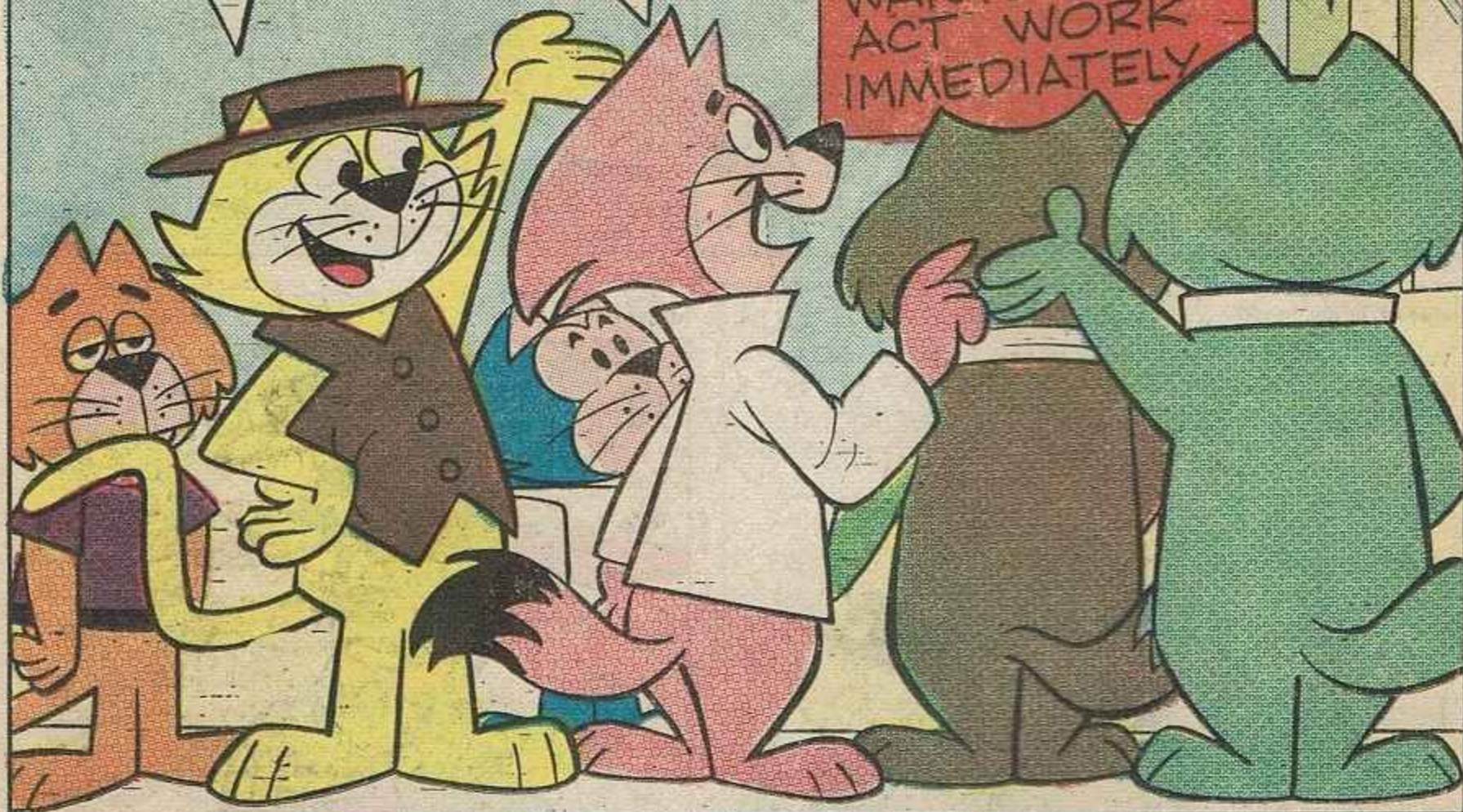
Top Cat in: "GONE TO THE DOGS"

SHOW
BIZ - HERE
WE COME.

BUT TOP
CAT, WE'RE
NOT DOGS.

WE DON'T EVEN
LOOK LIKE DOGS!

WANTED DOG
ACT WORK
IMMEDIATELY

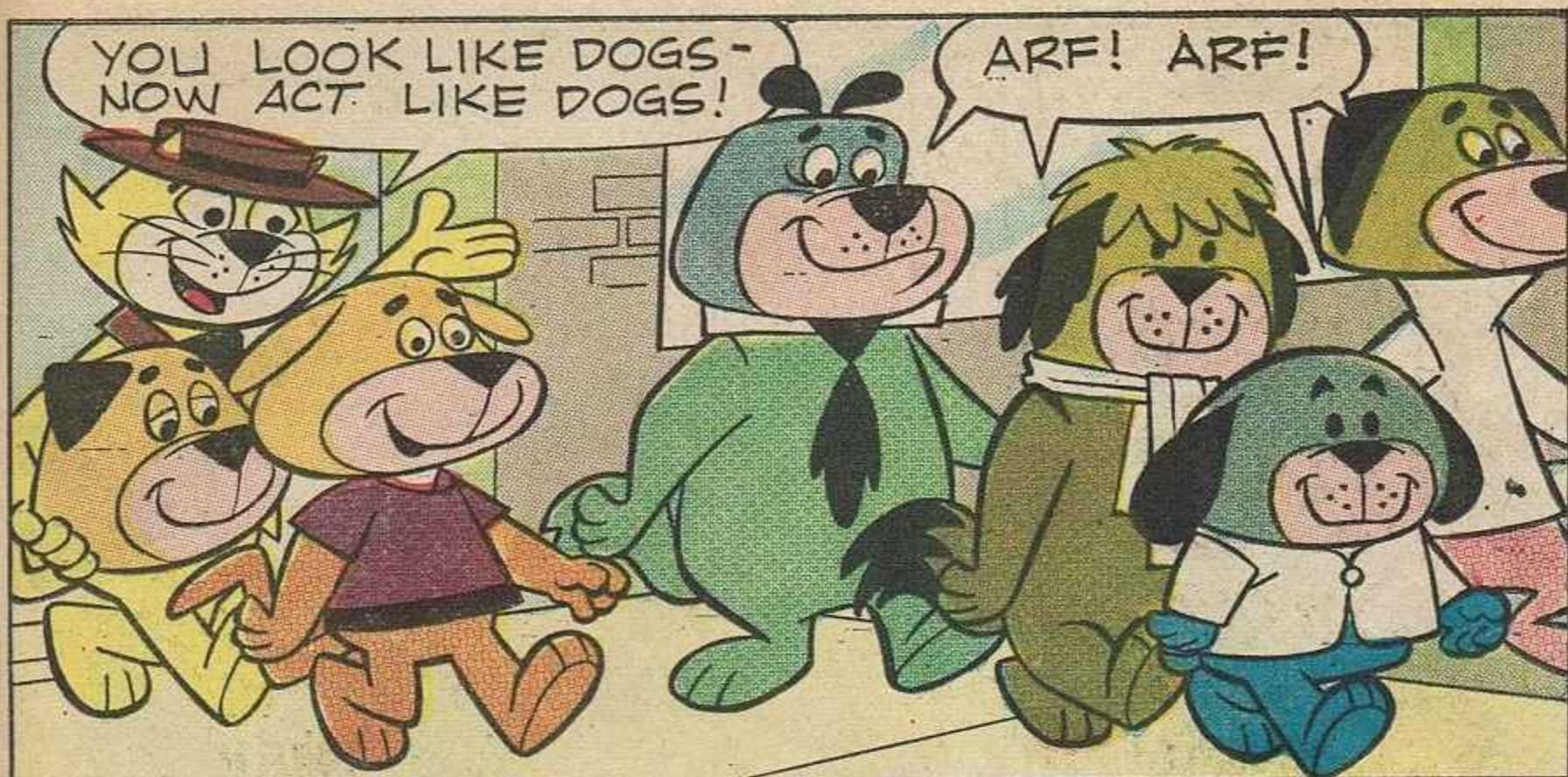


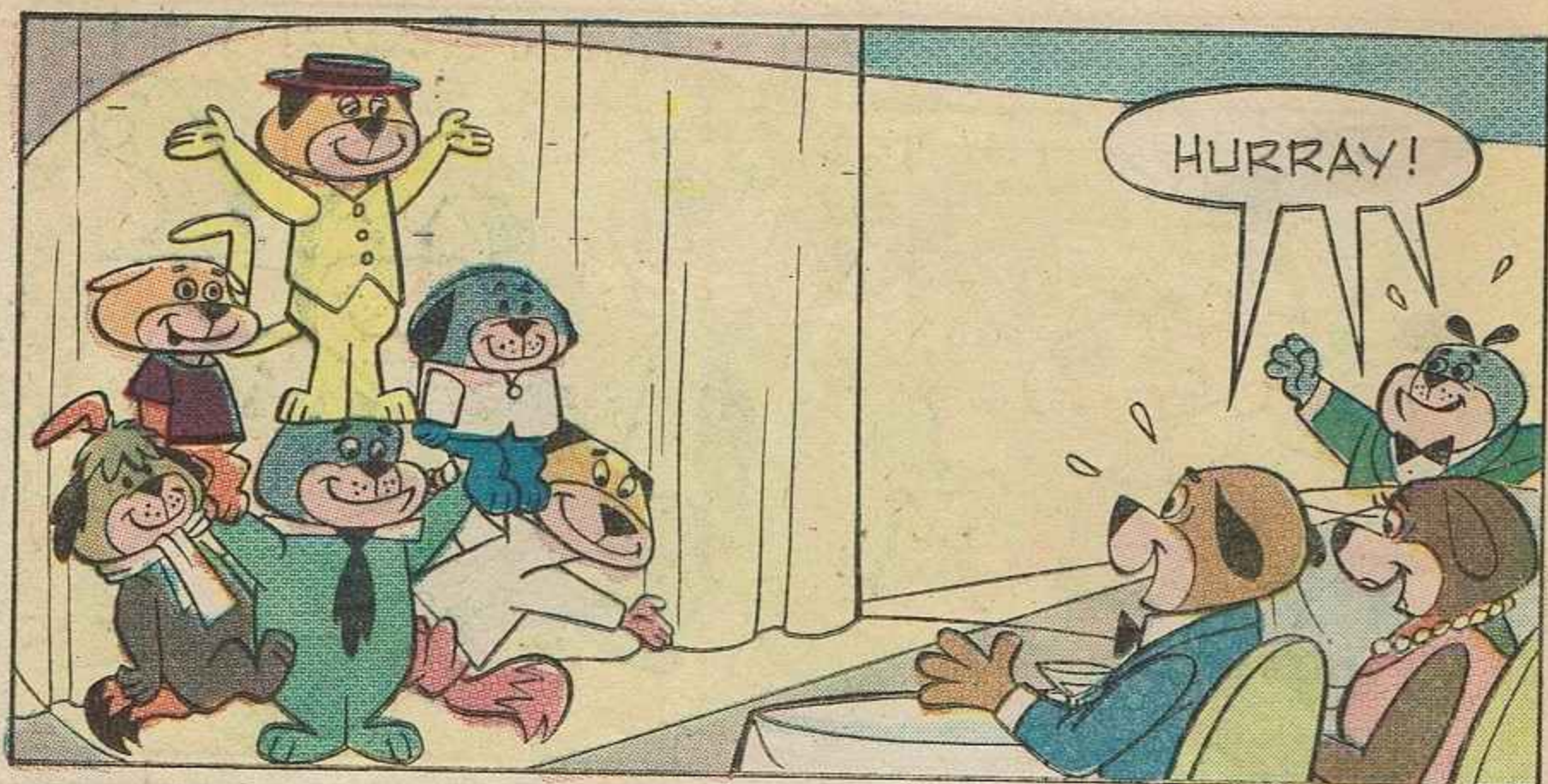
LEAVE IT
TO ME, GUYS.

I BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT.

COSTUMES
FOR
RENT.



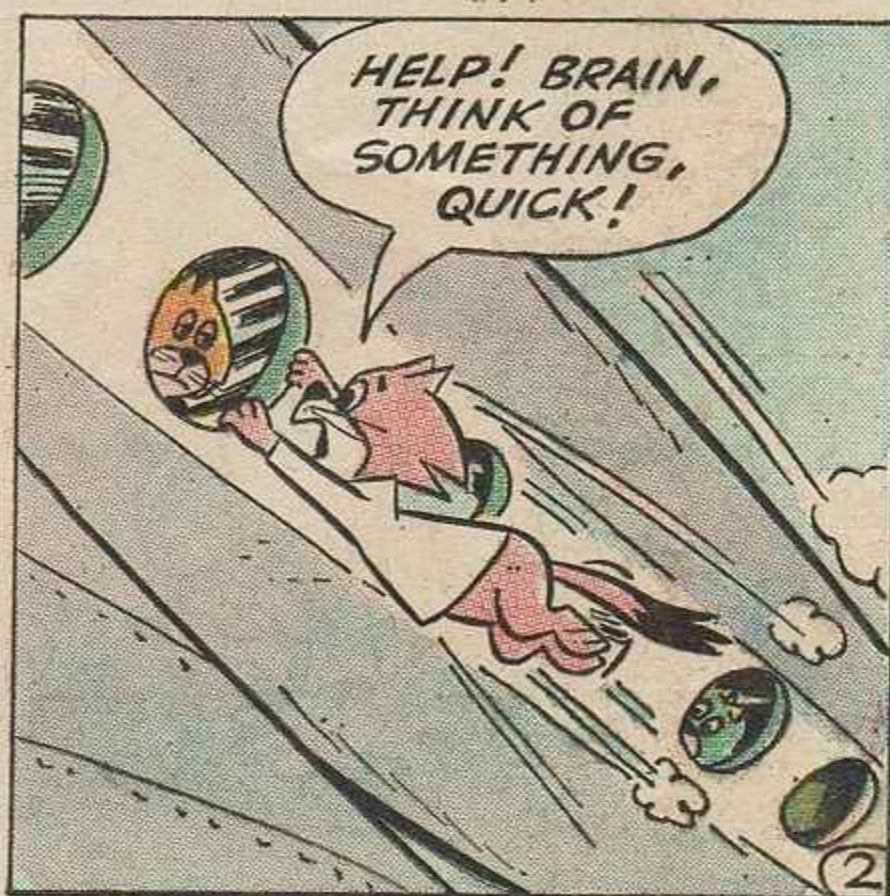
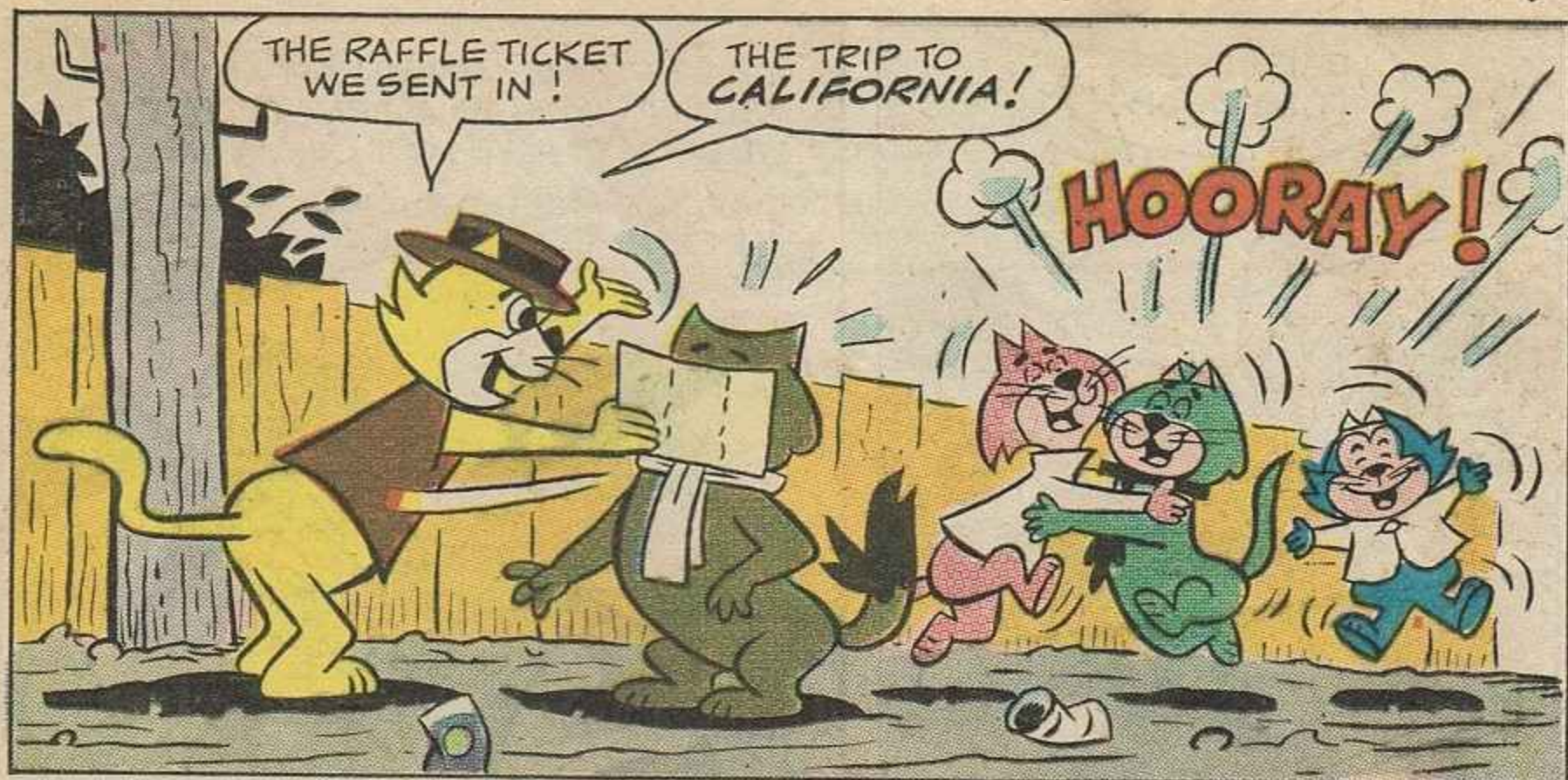






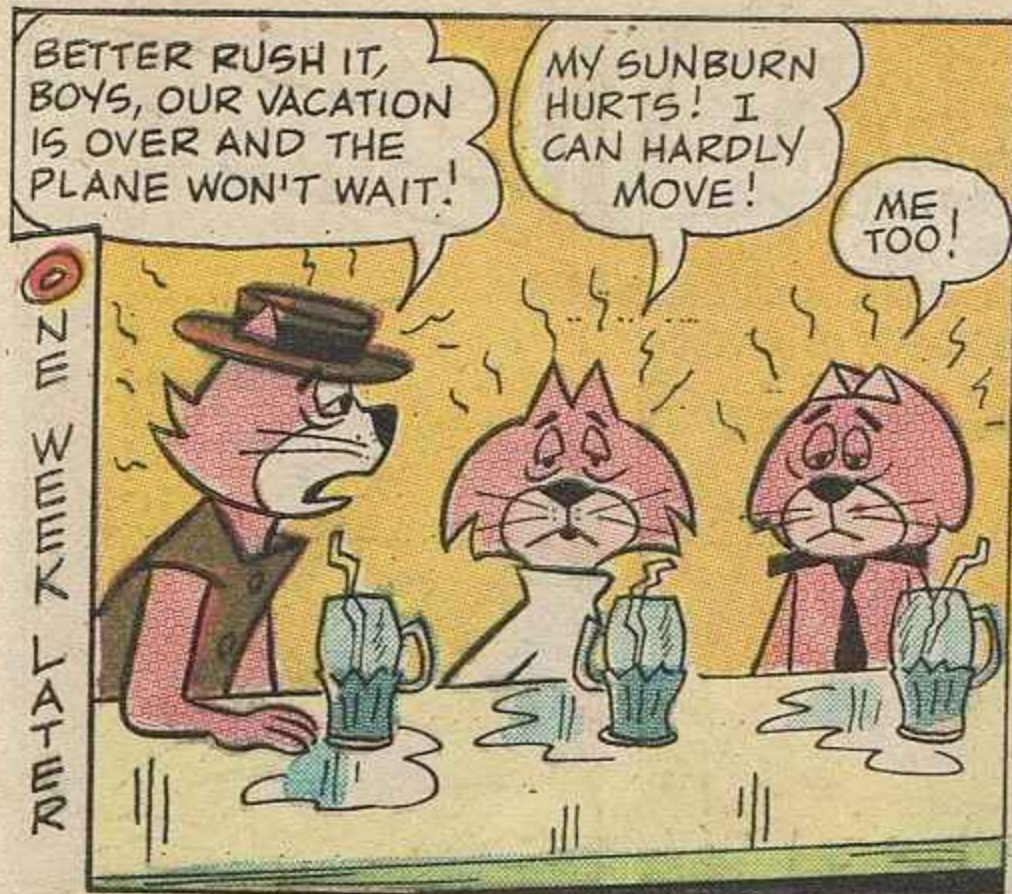
TOP CAT *in* CALIFORNIA OR BUST











TOP CAT in Dibble's Dilemma

G. KRAUSE / R. DIRGO



TOP CAT in Oh, to Sleep!



